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all those subtle beauties and patriotic sentiments for which the I. D. is so justly famed, and is, briefly, as follows: Kathleen is of course the daughter of a poor farmer, Kathleen also has a lover, one Terence O'More, and Kathleen, it is needless to add, wears a light colored bodice, green petticoat and red stockings, thus presenting a beautifully symbolic picture of "the green above the red." Mr. Bernard Kavanagh, who talks in the deepest bass, and wears the highest of Bluchers, is the landlord of Kathleen, and on entering the abode of that estimable young woman remarks to her father that he always loves his tenants, "especially when they have pretty daughters." The last remark is of course *sotto voce* and fully inspires the beholder with the reckless and universal depravity of the British landlord.

Now Kathleen, it must be confessed, is a somewhat vain little person and in course of time her poor little head is completely turned by the flattering of Kavanagh, so she forsakes poor Terence and marries his more powerful rival. This may be looked upon by the prejudiced spectator, as a somewhat shabby proceeding, but then it is to be remembered that Kathleen is an Irish colleen and of course no blame is to be attached to her, the "bloated aristocrat" being the only one who is entitled to abuse or condemnation.

At this stage of the proceedings it becomes necessary to introduce the benevolent priest, so Kavanagh, tiring of his wife and having by some unaccountable means lost his fortune, determines to deceive her, telling her that she is not really married, the ceremony having been performed by a minion of his own.

This affords a fine opportunity for the b. p. to make his appearance; which he accordingly does, and while his white locks are floating on the breeze and his voice quivers with emotion he informs Kavanagh that he, the b. p. performed the ceremony; the minion above referred to having disclosed to him the diabolical plot on his death bed, whereupon the b. p. taking the minion's place, tied the marriage knot. Tableau of triumphant Irish innocence and disconnected British villainy?

This being the case it is of course necessary to murder Kathleen and introduce the "sensational scene." "The Black Craig," by moonlight," is the spot selected by Kavanagh to have the deed committed, to this end he engages the services of three model villains, who are to lie in wait and when he shall bring the unhappy colleen to the foot of the craig they are to cut her throat. Now Terence, who has been lost sight of all this time, be it known is a despiser of the excise laws and has his "still" at the top of the craig.

Kathleen, after a difficult descent of a very shakily staircase, reaches the stage and is seized by the three ruffians, who are about to despatch her, when an ever watchful Providence lets down a rope from the sky, which Terence seizes, and leaping gallantly down slays the three ruffians and Kavanagh into the bargain. Considering the fact that Terence, judging from his "make up," appears to be in an almost dying condition, this may be looked upon as a brilliant instance of the triumph of the Irish mind over matter.

What the *denouement* of this delectable play is

I am unable to state, as at this point, overcome by emotion, I left the theatre.

At the Winter Garden, Mr. Booth has been playing a round of his favorite characters, having appeared during the week in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Ruy Blas," "Richelieu," and "Brutus."

At Wallacks this has been "benefit week," Messrs. Gilbert and Fisher, and Miss Mary Gannon having received flattering proofs of the recognition of their talent.

And so we are drifting on, through a sea of slush, to the summer season, season of green fields, sunny skies and the Irish Drama.

SHUGGE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARCH 18TH, 1867.

Editor of the Art Journal:

Seeing by the *Herald* that sound and healthy criticism on music was much wanted, I thought I would give you some, although I do not agree that the sound is wanted, whether the healthy is or not.

On Sunday night last I assisted, that's the gentle thing now, at a concert of sacred music at a haul, Bilt by a gentleman by the name of Steinway, a great pianist. The concert was got up for the debuting of Miss Pauline Canissa and Mr. G. W. Morgan, the first a very superior tenor, and the last a naspirant for musical honers. They were assisted by Mr. Rosa Carl, Mr. L. F. Harrison, Mr. Colby, Mr. Theodore Thomas, but no other ladies, and played well. I like the way in which Miss Canissa dresses her hair, and if she continues on as she's begun, she'll make a vocalist in time. Mr. Morgan also did himself And others credit by his fine rendering of the aria from Norma of "Sparkling and Bright." He has a good sopranner voice when he's a mind to let it out, which we understand he does for \$150 a night, and cheap at that. *Ravenons as muttons* about Miss Canissa, which is that she is a young lady with all the fine feminine instincts of her race, and will be sure to make a success in life, though if she could play the violinceller and accompany herself it would be better. We have known some fine effects from this, especially in sacred music. Mr. Harrison is another fine performer which we can't pass over. This gentleman was formally associated with a Mr. Pyne, and will be remembered by many of our old citizens as the Pyne and Harrison Troop who used to sing duets together, and alone, at several places. Mr. Harrison's name was on the bill but he did not appear, and was much applauded. To speak a good word for Mr. Theodore Thomas, he did not play on anything as I could see, but kept waving a little stick around in a threatening way, first at audience and then at the musicians. How they stood it I couldn't see, but I spose they were afraid they wouldn't get their wages if they sassed back. I didn't think much of the band, and we think we know a fiddler who, if modesty did not forbid the mention of his name in the limits of this article, could fiddle Ethiopian and popular airs with any of 'em for the oysters and ale. Mr. Colby played on the

pianner several times, no doubt with *aplomb* and *em bon point*, but as he persisted in always playing when somebody else was singing, it produced a *chiara-scura* that prevented me from *listening*. I never could listen to a feller singing and another playing the pianner to *waitst*. We hope that Mr. Steinway will *give* some more concerts and hire other singers and so forth.

[Private Note to the Editor.] SIR—If this criticism comes up to the mark and you want some more of the same helthy sort, please to send me free tickets for the concerts and the opera, as my wages (\$4 per week) does not allow for anything else. If you chews to send compensation also it will come handy.

Yours,

SAMUEL S—H.

GENERAL W. K. STRONG.

The death of this distinguished and respected Citizen, has caused sincere mourning and regret in every circle of Society. Wherever he was known he was loved and respected, and his career, in a moral and a worldly point of view, may well be held up as an example to the youth of our country.

ACTION OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.—At a special meeting of the Union League Club, Mr. John Jay in the chair, the death of Gen. William K. Strong was the subject of much feeling comment.

Mr. George W. Blunt offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of William K. Strong the club mourns one of its truest and most valued members, and one whose unselfish devotion to the country, whose ready and energetic services, and wise appreciation of the principles of freedom were exhibited from the commencement to the end of the Rebellion.

Resolved, That in honor of Gen. Strong the flag of the club be kept at half mast for one week.

Resolved, That the club will attend his funeral.

Resolved, That the Art Committee be requested to procure the photograph of Gen. Strong, to preserve upon the walls of the Club-House.

Speeches were also made by Col. Van Buren, Mr. Thos. N. Dale, and others. After which it was proposed and carried that a copy of the resolutions be engrossed, and sent by the President of the Club to the family of Gen. Strong.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion, Mr. William K. Strong was in Egypt. On receipt of the news that the National flag had been fired upon, he at once started for France, where he met Gen. Fremont, E. C. Cowdin, and others. Having the interest of his country at stake, he was instrumental in purchasing a battery of artillery, which was sent to this country in the latter part of '61. Immediately after this he came to New-York, when the capitalists of this city welcomed him with open arms. Upon the solicitation of a number of merchants—representing \$100,000,000 of capital—he was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers. In that capacity he served under Fremont in the Western Department until that General was relieved. Gen. Strong was then removed to New-York, but he sighed for more active duties; finding none, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the President, with many regrets at losing so able and efficient a soldier. Socially the General was a warm friend, and was beloved by all that knew him.

The Funeral services were held at Calvary Church at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the 19th inst.

The procession at the head of which walked the officiating clergy, the Rev. Drs. Tyng and Dyer, vested in black gowns and wearing the customary mourning sash, entered the church by the main door on Fourth avenue, advancing up the central

aisle to the chancel. The pall bearers were General J. L. Graham, Dr. Horace Webster, Messrs. Valentine G. Hall, W. H. Peckham, Mr. Adey, James E. Cooley, Van Schuyk, F. S. Winston, J. Cameron. The coffin was covered with black cloth and handsomely mounted with silver, the plate bearing the inscription:—

W. STRONG.
BORN APRIL 30, 1805,
DIED MARCH 16, 1867.

A cross, a wreath and an elaborately constructed crown, woven of camellias beautifully intertwined with evergreens, rested on the lid of the coffin, which, during the service, was placed just without the chancel rail.

The usual funeral anthem was impressively chanted by the choir. The Rev. Dr. Dyer read the lesson taken from 1 Corinthians, xv., at the close of which the Rev. Dr. Tyng announced the 139th hymn, "Rock of Ages cleft for me."

After the singing of the hymn the reverend doctor delivered a most appropriate funeral address. The hymn which they had just heard, he said, was a faithful memoir of his departed friend. It had been his privilege to enjoy more than twenty-one years of the most intimate fellowship and communion with the deceased. During all this time scarcely a month, and often not a week, had elapsed without an interchange of conversation between them upon the great truths of Christianity and the interests of the Christian cause. The whole course of his life might be set before the youth of America for their profitable study, as affording an instance of the high position and universal respect and esteem which crowns rectitude, to be faithful in the discharge of all his responsibilities and upright in the performance of every duty. The speaker then went on to allude to the early life of General Strong in this city. His father was a venerable revolutionary soldier. He himself came to New York penniless and alone. He had found a friend in a large hearted citizen who still lived to bless others with his benefits—enduring with contentment every trial and privation; manifesting everywhere cheerfulness, fidelity, thoroughness in all he undertook; he won a reputation unsullied by crime and unstained by reproach. His life was full encouragement of as it was replete with instruction to every poor boy in America who feels within his soul those aspirations for a high and useful life which God has planted there. It would be twenty-two years next November since his first interview with General Strong. The General sought his ministrations, and God was pleased to make him the instrument of leading him to Christ. In all those years his Christian character had been growing towards maturity. His personal kindness, regard and even veneration for him had been unvarying. For several years he has been a valued vestryman of St. George's church, and was, in fact, the founder of the local missionary work of that parish. In everything relating to religion he took a deep interest. The triumphs of the gospel was his delight. Nothing so inspired him with thankfulness as the progress of God's truth and the extension of Christ's kingdom. Could he dare to speak of the domestic scene which he had graced, what beautiful revelations might be made! An unceasing flow of kindness, consideration and love characterized his life in this sphere and made the home which God had given him to bless as happy as it was possible for an earthly home to be. The doctor then spoke in terms of affectionate remembrance of the patience and lovely devotion which marked his late illness. The last few months of his life had been a beautiful Indian summer to an existence beautifully spent. There was one point in his character upon which he would not willingly be silent—his fidelity to his country. It was that which had brought him there. He had returned from abroad on the breaking out of the war, leaving his family behind him, to offer his services to the nation which he loved, in the defence of that government for which he would willingly shed his blood. In his military course he showed a thor-

oughly practical and discriminating executive ability. General Halleck had said of him, when in the destructive climate of Cairo, he was superintending the arrangement and construction of armies, "He does more work than any three generals in the field." His overtaxed energies combined with the effects of the climate had undermined a constitution originally robust. He had died a martyr to his country. For this he honored and respected him. With an earnest exhortation to his hearers to prepare for that hour of departure which must come to all, the reverend doctor brought his address to a close.

The solemn committal service was then read, the procession reformed and the remains were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery for interment.

HOOK'S NEW ORGAN.

EXHIBITION OF MESSRS. HOOK'S NEW ORGAN.—The organ built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook for the Shawmut (Rev. Dr. Webb's) Church was exhibited for the second time, yesterday afternoon and evening, the occasion attracting a large collection of musicians and music lovers, notwithstanding the storm.

The performances were well calculated to display the instrument in a favorable light—Mr. Willcox, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Clark, and Mrs. Frohock being the organists for the two occasions. A wide range of pieces were chosen by these performers and the organ's individual beauty and fine collective power showed admirably under such able illustration. The instrument carries all the Messrs. Hook's well-known characteristics of manufacture, being well-voiced, extensive in its range, varied and extremely beautiful in its orchestral features and capacity, wealthy in its combinations and weighty and commanding in its full power.

At the first exhibition several weeks ago the organ was not fully completed, and its merits could not therefore be wholly appreciated. This instrument is the largest, with the exception of one, in any church in America, and that was built a short time since by the Messrs. Hook, for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was the aim of the manufacturers in their last work to build an instrument which should include in its construction all the modern improvements in organ building. It was not the design to construct an organ so brilliant as that at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, but with tones mellow and rich, specially adapted to the Protestant form of worship. The building of two instruments so different, and yet so meritorious, as the two above-named, shows rare skill on the part of the manufacturers.

One of the notable features of the new instrument is the introduction of an arrangement called the "Patent Hydraulic Organ Blower"—an English invention, which the Messrs. Hook will hereafter attach to their large church organs. The Cochituate water is conveyed through a pipe about two inches in diameter, which sets the piston at work, as in the case of a steam engine. The instrument is regulated by the bellows above, according to the playing, the largest amount of water being required when the full power of the instrument is used. Applications have been made by several church committees in this city to introduce this invention into other organs. It is economical and never-failing, sleepless, and always ready and willing to work.

It is needless to enter fully into a description of the instrument, which is marked by all the excellencies in construction for which the establishment of Messrs. Hook is noted. Their last effort, although of a distinctive character in tone and power from the others, fully sustains the high reputation of their previous works.

They have now in course of construction an instrument for St. James's Catholic Church (Rev. Dr. Healey's), which is to cost upwards of \$10,000; one of a similar description for Cincinnati; and still another for a church in New Jersey. But their business is not confined entirely to manu-

facturing the *largest* church organs. The firm is now fulfilling contracts for nearly twenty smaller organs, the prices ranging from one to five thousand dollars, which are to be used in different parts of the country.

By keeping thoroughly informed upon all European progress in their art, and by devising new and ingenious improvements themselves, the Messrs. Hook produce instruments which can stand the test of the most enlightened criticism. The readiness with which they adapt their instruments to the requirements of the edifices into which they are to be placed shows much tact, and the intelligent enterprise which marks the fulfillment of their contracts is worthy of praise. As specimens of workmanship their organs reflect credit upon American mechanical skill; and the fresh excellencies revealed in each indicate that they keep pace with the advancing musical tastes of the public.—*Boston Daily Transcript*.

THE WAY FOR AN AUTHOR TO LIVE.—There is a legend afloat among the Bohemian literateurs of New-York, that somewhere in the vast establishment of Harper Brothers in Franklin Square, there is a hall, or suite of rooms, fitted up as an author's heaven, and that within its sacred purlieus, Chablis, Champagne, and stout ale perpetually do flow, while *pate de foi gras* and like edibles are the common diet, while of luxuriant couches, and all the appliances of ease, there is no end. We have never known any who could positively say that they have dwelt within these halls and returned to the world to tell the tale, but yet we have faith. The nearest approach to this abode of bliss is this extract from a letter of Balzac's which has lately been exhumed in Paris. He was a writer of powerful imagination.

In this broiling month (July) I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wine is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath; and divide the other half between an orange-grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a couch. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them: I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia-Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jessamine, that I actually swim in it. While my neighbors, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely upon birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet. . . . My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerable handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pheasants: wherever I walk, I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.

The runaway Duke of Tuscany has turned up as a claimant for all the pictures he left behind him when he scampered away from the Pitti Palace. The Italian government does not feel like giving them up, or having them sold or scattered. They have therefore appointed a commission to have a talk with his highness and either bring him down, or come down themselves with an equivalent. The collection has been valued at three millions of dollars.